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CHANTS IN WAR

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BY

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TRINITY COLLEGE, FOOCHOW

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To
,
My two Brothers
at the Front

PREFACE

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH

THESE verses by a very dear friend—the son of my honoured predecessor in the See of Ossory—need no words from me to commend them to a wide circle of readers. Very touching thoughts are enshrined in language of great force and beauty, and the reader will lay down the book with a heart full of thankfulness to GOD for the gallant lives and heroic deaths of our men “at the Front.” We sorely need to cultivate a spirit of hope and trust in GOD, and the two poems “Commemoration” and “Behind the Veil,” even if they stood alone, would warrant the publication of this book, with its happy, hopeful, and helpful inspiration.

JOHN B. ARMAGH,

The Palace, Armagh.

April, 1917.

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Chants in War

JORDAN

(SPRING 1914, A.D.)

“Ye have not passed this way heretofore.”—Joshua iii. 4.

ONCE on the brink of that Judæan stream,
Which parted all the past from all that was to be,
A nation stood perplexed, as in a dream—
Another Israel by another sea.

Changed were the leaders, changed the silent host ;
Changed all the shore to which that host had come ;
Crested with fear the river to be crossed ;
Yet undismayed the ark of God passed on.

So let it be, O Lord ;—The host stands still,
Along the border of our own dark flood ;
A nation waits upon Jehovah's will ;
While to the margin moves the ark of God.

ODDS

(SUMMER, 1914, A.D.)

A GAINST us is a heart too free from fears,
Too confident in men of every clime ;
Against us is the long-planned start of years,
But on our side is Time.

Against us is the thunder of a voice,
That " scrap of paper " lying on our path ;
Against us that our gain may be our loss,
But on our side is Faith.

Against us are the barriers of our creed,
That wrong can never be atoned by might ;
Against us the tremendous march of greed,
But on our side is Right.

Against us the premeditated use
Of dastard practice and of outraged word ;
Against us are the powers of hell let loose,
But on our side is God.

LOVE

“ He went off in very good heart and spirits at the head of his regiment, with his blue eyes very wide open.”—Extract from a letter.

WITH his blue eyes very wide open,
And his long sword shining so bright,
He marched at the head of his regiment,
And passed away out of my sight.
One of the hundreds of thousands,
But the whole of the wide world to me,
One face in the mighty procession,
The only face I could see.

With my windows very wide open,
And my sad eyes very tight shut,
I thought of him writing a letter,
From his far-away bullet-proof hut.
One of the thousands of letters,
But the only one letter for me.
One name 'mid the crowd in the mail-bag,
The only name I could see.

With my Bible very wide open,
And my tired hands very tight claspt,
I dreamt that he fell in the trenches,
While the men he was leading swept past.

One of the thousands of wounded,
 But the only one thinking of me.
One form on the thousands of stretchers,
 The only form I could see.

With my waiting arms very wide open,
 And my happy heart free from its fear,
As the blare of the trumpets grows louder,
 And the tramp of the victors draws near.
One voice in the roar and the tumult,
 One face looking right up to me,
And the blue eyes very wide open,
 The only eyes I shall see.

THE CALDRON

THEY are fighting, fighting, fighting,
They are fighting night and day,
They are fighting while you're working,
They are fighting while you play ;
Not for gold and not for guerdon,
Not for glitter nor for greed,
But to foster friendly feelings
Between character and creed.

They are fighting in the trenches,
They are fighting in the sky,
They are fighting when they're wounded,
They are fighting as they die ;
Not for land and not for laurels,
Not for fashion nor for fame,
But to see there's some relation
'Twixt the players and the game.

They are fighting on the mud banks,
They are fighting 'neath the main,
They are fighting up the mountains,
They are fighting down the plain ;
Not for self and not for surfeit,
Not for medal nor for mart,
But to show there's more than iron
In the make-up of the heart.

So they're fighting, fighting, fighting,
And they'll fight if needs till doom,
Till they see the new day breaking
Through the glimmer and the gloom ;
For the cannons won't stop roaring,
And the banners won't be furled,
Till the Superman is melted
In the caldron of the world.

INTERCESSION

WE stand, O God of nations,
Before Thy throne to-day,
Though not because we've no misdeeds
Ourselves to wash away ;
But because our cause is righteous,
And because our aims are just,
We come, Lord God Almighty,
And place in Thee our trust.

Thou knowest how unwillingly
Our nation bent the bow ;
We did not seek the quarrel,
We do not seek it now.
But truth and honour call us,
It is Thy voice we hear,
And so, Lord God Omniscient,
We venture to draw near.

It is for weaker nations
That we have come to plead—
For Belgium and for Poland,
For Serbia in her need.
For them we stand before Thee
As Asa did of old,
For them, Lord God All-Merciful,
We venture to be bold.

Search us, Lord God, oh ! search us,
Help us to put away
The evil which impedes us
In this great judgment day.
Help us to turn our faces
More fully to the light,
And then, Lord God Omnipotent,
Go with us to the fight.

So shall our warfare please Thee,
So shall our hearts be strong,
And Thou wilt spread Thy terror
Across the hosts of wrong.
Take us, O God, and make us
What Thou wouldst have us be,
Then march Thyself before us,
And give us victory.

RESTITUTION

THEY parted—he to the front, and she, poor thing,

After that last sad meeting in the rocky dell,
Turned up the lonely mountain side to milk her cows
And draw the water from the mountain well.

And every day she hoped and prayed, until
Upon the fatal lists she saw her lover's name ;
And then faith fled, and straightway from her breaking
heart
The bitter flood of hopeless anguish came.

Europe may crush the tyrant, God may fling
His soul beyond its depth in some unfathomed hell ;
But she, through blinding tears, must go and milk her
cows
And draw the water from the mountain well.

Time may assuage her grief. The years may see
Fresh hope and love look out from those bewildered
eyes ;
And in a wider world than her lone mountain home
She may in part forget that sacrifice.

But the full tide of love can never flow
Through that poor wounded heart, nor yet, methinks,
through heaven,
Until the tyrant kneels before that mountain maid
And asks to be, and is, by her forgiven.

BRITANNIA

" I have spoken of the Army. But what can I say of our debt, and the debt of our Allies also, to the British Navy ? . . . There has never in the whole of history been such a decisive proof of the supreme, nay capital, importance of the command of the sea."—Mr. Asquith in the Queen's Hall, August 4, 1916, A.D.

THERE is never a tide round England that doesn't
come in with pride,
With a song for the men who are fighting or a dirge for
the men who have died ;
But whether they fight for old England or whether their
fighting is o'er,
Britannia remembers for ever the men who are guarding
her shore.

There is never a tide round England that doesn't go out
with prayer,
Be it only a church bell pealing alone down the darkening
air ;
But whether from some silent watcher or from crowds in
the dim lighted fane,
The heart and the prayer of old England beat out with
the tide again.

Oh ! the sea is His and He made it, and He planted our
home in the sea,
And He bade us to make it and keep it a path for the
brave and the free ;
And the keys were committed to England, not a heritage
due to her birth,
But a gift from the Lord of the ocean in trust for the ends
of the earth.

Yes, she holds the sea-gates at His bidding, but she holds
them to open them wide,
To the ships of her own island Empire, and the ships of
all nations beside ;
To close them to robbers and tyrants, to pirates and
makers of slaves,
For 'tis not of Britannia's choosing that Britain is ruling
the waves.

It may be when she has completed the work which she's
only begun,
When the slave dhows are swept from the ocean and the
supermen out of the sun ;
It may be the Lord of the ocean will make a new earth
and new heaven,
And Britain will give back with gladness the trust which
her Empire was given.

But till then may the tides of old England come in and go
out as of yore,
All of pride and of prayer for the sailors who are guarding
Britannia's shore ;

Bear them up on your beautiful bosom, bear them up
through the ages to come,
To the living a bountiful mother, to the dying a merciful
home.

MONS

A hospital nurse who had been attending to a wounded British soldier recently said to him: "Do you believe in God?" He answered: "I do now, but I used not to. Since the battle of Mons my opinions have changed." Proceeding, he said: "We had a terrible time, and at last a company of us were hemmed into a large chalk pit. Suddenly I looked up, and *encircling the top of the pit was a ring of shining Angels*. As the cavalry rushed up, the horses saw them, and there was a general stampede. Our lives were saved, and the Germans were put to confusion."

Seven soldiers, including officers, saw the Angels. The soldiers gave their names and addresses, and the nurse wrote and had the story authenticated, one officer writing: "It's all perfectly true."

YOU say that you cannot believe it, suggest it was
sun on the chalk,

Well, I never was able to argue, and she told me I wasn't
to talk.

Would you mind just shifting my pillow?—it kind of
eases my head,

For somewhere behind my left shoulder there's a couple
of ounces of lead.

No, he didn't go probing, thank goodness, he struck it
without any pain,

And before he begins with the digging he says he'll
X-ray me again.

He says he can see the whole bullet as plain as a house
in the light,
And to me that's as much of a marvel as what you were
hearing last night.

I'll admit we were jammed in the chalk pit, I'll admit that
our men were dead tired,
But there's no wreath of smoke from a field gun when the
field gun hasn't been fired.
No, it wasn't a mist on the mountain, 'twas a perfectly
clear autumn eve,
And that's what there's no use denying, whatever you
cannot believe.

You think that they might have been shadows, though
there wasn't a tree in the place,
Or the shadows perhaps of the Germans, but I'd just ask
you this to your face :
Would Germans cast white angel shadows ? or are
Germans afraid of the sun ?
And why should a lot of white shadows cause a squadron
of horses to run ?

There's no use my saying I saw them, but you ask the
men that were there,
And to say that we're all of us liars, doesn't strike me as
being quite fair.
There's none of us over-religious, but war sobers most
people down,
And I'd sooner have my explanation than any I've heard
of your own.

I don't say you ought to believe it—doesn't matter to me
if you do ;

It isn't what you think or I think that is going to make
the thing true. .

Thank you, shift the pillow a wee bit, here's nurse coming
back on the scene,

And there's no doubt that she is an angel, whatever the
rest may have been.

THE ROAD TO CALAIS

"The next phase was the effort of the opposing armies to outflank each other on the west. It came to be a race for the North Sea. As the Allied left extended so did the German right. Joffré and French were only just in time to close the Northern gate and bar the road to the Channel ports. . . .

"Sir John French, finding the line northwards that barred the way to Calais insufficiently guarded, had to make a risky disposition in spreading out his forces on too extended a front. The thin line of the British was sorely pressed. . . .

"On the 31st the Germans succeeded in breaking the British line and compelling the First Division to retire. Matters were for a time in a perilous fix. Our men rallied; the French stuck to their position, and the situation was saved."

'TWAS the thirty-first day of October, and our line
was as thin as a thread,
We were worn out with marching and fighting, and half
of our number were dead;
But the Germans were massing for Calais, and we were
to stand in the gate,
To close it and bar it and hold it, and if we delayed we
were late.

'TWAS the whole way from Ypres to Nieuport, doesn't
look like a gate on the map,
But we knew that the future of England might depend
on our holding the gap;

Yes, the fate of the French and the English might turn
on our action that day,
And whether a handful of soldiers could keep three whole
armies at bay.

To the right were the French and the mountains, to the
left were the dunes and the sea,
And the line must be guarded between them, whatever
the outcome might be.
But our line was as thin as a wafer, and the gateway was
twenty miles wide,
And except for the men that were with us, there wasn't
a rifle beside.

Impossible ! That was our feeling ; impossible, yet we
will try,
And as French came along in his motor, he knew we
would hold them or die ;
“ I want the impossible done, boys, and England has done
it before,
And England will do it again, boys, before this October
is o'er.”

To the left were the brave little Belgians, and to help us
they opened the dykes,
And they narrowed with salt sea water the gap to be held
by the pikes ;
It cost them many a heartache to let in that terrible flood,
But it closed up the North with the ocean, and we closed
up the South with our blood.

Yes, we closed up the road and we waited, and we hadn't
to wait for them long,
Till the shrapnel was bursting around us as the Germans
came on with a song ;
Like ants down the hillside before us, like crowds from
a plague-stricken town,
Like sheaves of ripe corn in the harvest as the field guns
kept mowing them down.

They reached us at last like a whirlwind, and then it was
man for man,
And never was heavier fighting since battles and fighting
began ;
They knew we were worn out with marching, and men
say they were seven to one,
And they thought they had finished the business before
it was well begun.

They stormed at the poor battered gateway, and it yielded
and bent with the strain,
It gave a few miles in the centre, though we filled up the
breach with the slain ;
But we shouldered them back in the evening, till the line
was as straight as before,
And we landlocked the roadway to Calais, and the worst
of the danger was o'er.

There isn't a name to the battle—it was only just shutting
a gate,
But it meant a good deal to old England, and perhaps
she'll remember the date :

'Twas the thirty-first day of October when we humbled
the proud German boast,
That they'd crush French's mean little army, and hack
their way through to the coast.

BELGIUM

“ The greatest of all securities for the continued and united resolve of the Allies is the compelling appeal of Belgium.”—Sir John Simon, at the Guildhall, November 9, 1915, A.D.

“ **B**LEEDING to death ;—and none to staunch the flow.”

“ Nay, Belgium ;—Pity and Love march hand in hand,
and help is near ;
But wounds so gaping wide and sister Sorrow sunk so
sad and low
Pale even Love with fear.”

“ Shattered to dust ;—and none to raise my head.”

“ Nay, Belgium ;—Arms and the Brave are drawing
nigh, swifter each day ;
But before foes so fierce and trenches strewn so full of
hostile dead,
Even the brave delay.”

“ Driven to doom ;—and none to plead my cause.”

“ Nay, Belgium ;—God is not dead ; the Maker of the
clock not late ;
But there are rights so wronged that even God, the framer
of all laws,
Takes time to vindicate.”

AT BAY

"I think the most striking cartoon which I have ever seen was in the pages of our greatest comic paper six months ago. It was when Belgium had been ravaged up to the last town, and a dark figure says sneeringly to the King of the Belgians: 'So you have lost everything'; but with a noble pride, instinct in every feature, the King answers back: 'Not my soul.'"—The Bishop of London. Sermon preached from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, July 25, 1915, A.D.

STANDING alone by the ocean,
Like a lion driven to bay,
Can you point to a nobler figure
In the whole wide world to-day?
Unawed by the waves and the billows,
That over his native land roll,
For he knows that no power in creation,
Can conquer a true man's soul.

Standing alone in his sorrow,
On the wind-driven dunes by the sea,
Was there ever a deeper pathos,
Since the morning of Calvary?
Bearing the cross of his country,
Contented to serve and to thole,
The mightiest king of the Belgians,
The master and lord of his soul.

Standing alone in his grandeur,
With his right hand grasping his sword,
His heart keeping true to his people,
His faith keeping tryst with his Lord.
Fight on, great battler for freedom,
Press through to the glittering goal,
Stand firm until Heaven reclothe thee,
Oh, glorious, invincible soul !

TO THE DAY

SOMEDAY fresh green will creep along the Belgian
lanes,
Someday the flowers will open to the May ;
And on the grave of my brave soldier boy the grass will
grow,
But not to-day.

Someday the birds will build their nests again round Lille,
And on the dunes again will children play ;
Someday kind Time will lay her hand upon my aching
heart,
But not to-day.

Someday the widows of Louvain will cease to weep,
And from the ashes of those ruins grey
Will rise a city fashioned by the love of all the world,
But not to-day.

Someday the soldiers will come back again from France,
And England will be hung with banners gay ;
And I shall see them marching past, the comrades of my
boy,
But not to-day.

Someday, that golden Someday which the future holds,
When trumpets blow and angels line the way ;
My soldier boy will come to meet me down the glittering
ranks,

And he will say :

“ Welcome, brave mother heart, the Day at last has
dawned,

The parting and the pain have passed away.”

Yes, I shall see, my ears shall hear, my heart again grow
young,

Upon that day.

THE MARTYR NURSE

“ I have no fear nor shrinking ; I am happy to die for my country ; but patriotism is not enough, I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.”—Edith Cavell, Nurse, Shot in Brussels, October 12, 1915, A.D.

NO more that they can do,
Leave them the lifeless clay,
Her spirit smiles upon her foes,
And greets the new-found day.
No more that they can do,
No more that they can harm,
Weep not so sore for that brave girl,
The red cross on her arm.

No more that they can do,
Oh ! mother heart, be cheered,
Thy daughter is beyond the ills
Which thy fond anguish feared.
No more that they can do,
Not though they try till doom,
Rest, gentle nurse, for ever rest,
In thy triumphant tomb.

But more that He can do,
More than her brightest dream,
When mother-born meets mother-born,
Beyond the narrow stream.

More than her heart could hope,
More than our thoughts can sing,
When that brave English maiden meets
The welcome of her King.

And more that we can do
On this too troubled earth,
For England must not soon forget
Such women and such worth.
Yes, more that we can do,
Lest others meet her fate,
More that we can and ought to do,
More, lest we be too late.

VERDUN

“ On this, the hundredth day of the battle of Verdun, the French front line remains unbroken.”—May 31, 1916, A.D.

BENT with the weight of a thousand guns ;
Zig-zagged with hate ;
Backs to their country and face to the Huns,
Like a torrent in spate,
East of the Meuse and West of the Meuse,
Stung by the frost and wet with the dews,
Mighty in spirit and supple in thews,
The unbroken French front line.

Dented at Douamont ; battered at Vaux ;
Twisted at Eix.
Poisoned at Cumières ; mined from below ;
Bombed from the sky.
A hundred days and a hundred nights,
A hundred rallies, a hundred fights,
A hundred wrongs and a hundred rights,
And down the valley and over the heights,
The unbroken French front line.

Nations may falter ; Time may cease ;
Hearts may break.
Hades be emptied ; Heaven cry “ Peace,”
For Love’s sweet sake.

VERDUN

31

But be the end later or be the end soon,
Shimmered in gold on the dark lagoon,
Over the river and under the moon,
Watching at midnight, ready at noon,
The circle of glory around Verdun,
The unbroken French front line.

VERDUN

“ Aujourd’hui centième jour de la bataille de Verdun, la Ligne du front français reste intacte.”—Mai 31, 1916, A.D.

PLOYÉE sous le poids des canons innombrables,
Foudroyée de haine ;
Le Pays derrière elle et faisant face aux boches,
Comme un torrent débordé.
A l’est de la Meuse comme à l’ouest de la Meuse,
Piquée par le froid et mouillée par la rosée,
Elle est puissante en moral et souple de ses muscles,
La ligne française inébranlable.

Bossuée à Douaumont, meurtrie à Vaux,
Tordue à Eix ;
Empoisonnée à Cumières, minée sous terre,
Bombardée au ciel.
Après cent jours, et après cent nuits,
Après cent aurores, après cent combats,
Après cent éprouves, après cent succès,
Elle se tient au fond des vallées comme au sommet des
collines,
La ligne française inébranlable.

Les nations peuvent tomber, le Temps peut disparaître,
Les cœurs peuvent se briser ;
L’enfer peut se vider, le ciel crier “ Paix,”
Au nom de l’Amour.

Mais, que la fin soit prochaine ou tardive,
Attentive et prête, la nuit comme le jour,
Sous le soleil brûlant, sous le clair de lune,
Elle est inscrite dans le livre indestructible de l'honneur,
Cercle de gloire autour de Verdun,
La ligne française inébranlable.

Traduit par M. Saussine,
Consul de France, Foochow.

SPRING IN FRANCE, 1916, A.D.

HAIL, welcome Spring !
What though the wood and grove
Cannot return thy love,
Nor the old country wild life meet thee with its festal
mirth ;
Yet do not thou depart,
And pass my waiting heart,
Believing thou art banished from our battle-stricken
earth.

Come, gentle Spring !
Although the leaden showers
Have killed the old French flowers ;
Under the sod are hidden seeds and lives that love thee
still.
Think not that all is dead,
And all thy friends are fled,
There lives within the heart of France what sorrow
cannot kill.

Come, lovely Spring !
It is at times like this
We need thy holy kiss

To thaw the bitter cold that Winter froze into our soul.
 O lovely, weeping Spring,
 Come, and thy healing bring,
 For thou hast ways to make the world of men and
 nature whole.

Come, regal Spring !
 Come with thy march of faith
 Across our fields of death ;
 It is an enemy of France that drove thee from thy home.
 Come back yet once again,
 Down the old country lane,
 Come gentle, lovely, regal, welcome Spring ; France
 calls thee—COME !

PRINTEMPS EN FRANCE, 1916, A.D.

SALUT ! Printemps. Sois le bienvenu !
Oui, alors même que le bois et le bocage
Ne peuvent plus te rendre ton amour ;
Et que la faune sauvage du vieux pays ne t'accueille plus
avec une allégresse de fête ;
Malgré cela ne nous quitte pas,
Ne délaisse pas mon cœur qui t'attend,
Ne crois pas que tu sois bannie de cette terre devastée par
la guerre.

Viens ! Gentil Printemps,
Bien que les pluies de plomb,
Aient tué les anciennes fleurs de France,
Sous la gazon sont cachées des graines et des feuilles qui
t'aiment toujours ;
Ne crois pas que tout soit mort,
Et que tous tes amis aient disparu ;
Il y a au fond du cœur de la France quelque chose que là
douleur ne peut tuer.

Viens ! Aimable Printemps.
C'est justement à des moments pareils,
Que nous avons besoin de ton saint baiser,

Pour fondre le froid rigoureux dont l'hiver a glacé nos âmes,
A aimable Printemps éploré,
Viens et apporte ta panacée,
Car tu sais comment se créent le monde des hommes et la
nature entière.

Viens ! Printemps royal !
Viens avec ton hymme de foi,
A travers nos champs de mort,
C'est un ennemi de la France qui t'a chassé hors de chez
toi ;
Reviens quand même une fois encore,
Descends dans les sentiers du vieux pays,
Viens ! gentil, aimable, royal Printemps, sois le bienvenu !
La France t'appolle—VIENS !

Traduit par M. Sassine,
Consul de France, Foochow.

THE WHITE ROSE

After the capture of Hill 60 a rose was picked up on the battlefield. It had been sent to a private in the 3rd Bedfordshire Regiment by his mother. . . . After the engagement a comrade found it and it was returned to England and given back to the mother in memory of her brave son.

ONLY a white rose from England,
Faded and dappled with blood ;—
But why did the hot tears blind me,
As I lifted it up from the sod ?
Why were my comrades so silent ?
Why was it nothing was said,
As I picked up the rose that was dying
From the hand of the boy that was dead ?

Only a brave little mother,
Standing alone at her door ;—
But why did the hot tears burn me,
As I gave her the rose once more ?
Why can't I finish the story—
A story that nobody knows ?
Oh ! blinding tears, why do you choke me,
When I think of that white English rose ?

MAIMED

“ I found him lying in a long chair in the garden, cheerful but maimed for life.”

ONE little wren ;—then two ;—
And then the thought that God who led them
down the garden path
To that quaint hiding place in such a gnarled and
crooked tree,
Can lead my shattered feet along war’s dreadful aftermath,
To that fair haven where I fain would be.

One quiet friend ;—then two ;—
And then the thought that if these friends can find it in
their heart,
To care for one poor wounded soldier worthless of
their love,
There may be other friendships only known on earth in
part,
And some great Friend whom all these friendships
prove.

One weary night ;—then two ;—
And then the thought that though life be a chain of
darkened days,

At last the darkest hours will shimmer with the morn-
ing light
Of that grand dawn beyond the reach of pain and time's
decays,
When wounds are healed and there is no more night.

One saphead gained ;—then two ;—
And then the thought that Right must battle till the day
is done,
Till every trench is rushed and every hostile banner
furled ;
And the last trumpet thunders out that victory is won,
While the “ Cease fire ” goes echoing round the world.

AN UNKNOWN HERO

He was a science master in the English College at Jerusalem under the Church Missionary Society. Joined the 8th West Riding Regiment. Took part in one of the landings at Gallipoli. Fought with quiet heroism through several engagements and laid down his life for humanity on August 21, 1916, A.D.

JOHN E. ROBINSON, Sergeant !
You never heard of the same,
Well, he's down in the world's list of heroes,
On the unpublished roll-call of fame.
John E. Robinson, Sergeant !
It's odd that nobody knows,
For he's one of the men in the Bible
That's just told to go and he goes.

John E. Robinson, Sergeant.
You never heard how he died ?
Better ask his old father or mother,
Or the comrades who fought by his side,
He wasn't much known as a soldier,
Had no medals to stick on his chest ;
But 'twas not that he didn't deserve them,
For he just did his bit like the rest.

John E. Robinson, Sergeant,

Twice over had won his V.C.

But 'twas off in the scrub in a corner,

And there wasn't no captain to see.

John E. Robinson, Sergeant.

There's dozens of men of the name,

But they're most of them lost in the scrimmage,

Though they're all of them playing the game.

John E. Robinson, Sergeant.

Is marked up on Eternity's roll,

You needn't go hunt for his body,

Nor be anxious at all for his soul.

John E. Robinson, Sergeant,

Lies anywhere under the sod ;

But he's mentioned in heaven's despatches,

And he'll get his V.C. from his God.

HER CROSS

(From the painting by Lawson Wood.)

A DARKENED room, her head upon her arms,
And by the open box the treasured cross.
The picture needs no words, and none can tell
How much she suffers nor how great her loss.

Weep on Britannia ;—Let those tears
Purge from our hearts the gathered dross.
Know that thy sorrow has not been in vain,
And that with thee a nation bears the cross.

WIDOWHOOD

“ Lord Kitchener sent a message to those who were responsible for making provision for the war widows, saying that they must make provision for at least 50,000.”—The Hongkong *Daily Press*, August, 21, 1916, A.D.

WHY should I let my widow weeds kill all the
flowers he loved,
And make a desert of a garden that was once so fair ?
Where he and I spent those too happy short-lived hours,
When all my life was just one paradise and love was
there.

Why should his little girlie look into her mother's face,
And see no trace of hope or faith within my saddened
eyes ?
May I not laugh for her and bear my daily cross content,
Weaving into my simple creed that true love never
dies ?

Why should I go to meet my love along a cypressed vale,
When he will come to meet me down a path of burnished
gold ?
May I not smile at times, and see him in my waking
dreams,
Waiting to greet me as he waited in the days of old ?

Why should I shut myself away when England needs my
help ?

Why must I always weep and keep the blinds for ever
down ?

May not pride sometimes flood my soul ? may I not
sometimes see

Above the bloodstained battle-field and cross—the
Crown ?

Come, girlie, come. The clouds are breaking and the
glittering sun

Is chasing back the thunder and the heavy summer
rain ;

Come out into the garden that your father used to love,
And help me make the poor forsaken flowers live again.

GONE WEST

I ASKED them often where my boy had gone,
Was he a captive, missing, or been laid to rest,
I asked in all the camps, but all the answer I could get
was this :

“ Your boy is neither sick nor missing, but gone West.”

And so I started for the West to seek my boy,
And every one was kind and bade me be their guest ;
But when I asked them had they seen my soldier boy along
the road,
They turned away and said: “ Your soldier boy’s gone
West.”

I asked at all the inns, I called into the woods,
Always and everywhere I had but one request ;
Men seemed to pity me, and sometimes women even
pressed my hand,
And children answered me with wondering eyes: “ Gone
West.”

I travelled up the hills and down the dales,
And many times I wept upon my hopeless quest ;
None had seen him, and I marvelled how it was that all
men knew,
And always gave the same reply : “ Gone West.”

And thus the day wore on until the evening hour,
And as I watched the glory lighting up the West,
Out from the crimson clouds there came a voice which
said : " Fear not,
Your soldier boy is serving at his Lord's behest."

I bowed my head, I knew the meaning of the words,
I understood that simple soldier phrase, " Gone West,"
And every sunset when I see the glory lighting up the
skies,
I am content to have it so, for God knows best.

THE CHAPLAIN

HE stood in the shade of the gully,
His organ the crash of the shells,
And the booming and roar of the field guns
Took the place of the old church bells.
But there's something that nothing can alter,
And there's something that nothing can break ;
So he prayed for the men who were fighting,
And blessed them for Jesus' sake.

He stood in the lone little graveyard,
To bury the men who had died ;
And his choir was the whirr of the bullets,
Antiphonal, side from side,
Cantoris, Decani, Cantoris,
The tenor, the alto, the bass ;
For there's something that nothing can alter
In the soul of the human race.

He stood by the drums in the morning,
His minster the heavens on high,
The reredos bounding his chancel
Was the dawn of an Eastern sky ;
He blessed the bread and he brake it,
He poured out the blood-red wine ;
For there's something that nothing can alter,
Deep down in your soul and mine.

He stood by the sea in the evening,
As the sun went down to its rest,
And they sang the grand hymns of old England,
The music that they love best.
They will sing them for ever and ever,
As long as the world shall roll ;
For there's something that nothing can alter,
In the depth of the human soul.

Something that nothing can alter,
Something that nothing can quench—
It lives through the roar of the battle,
It leaps with the men from the trench.
Something that nothing can alter,
Though they lay us under the sod,
'Tis the infinite pity of Jesus,
'Tis the measureless love of God.

THE TRENCHES

“On my way home I travelled from Mudros to Malta on a hospital ship with nearly 700 sick and wounded. Amongst them was a fine young Scotsman whose leg had been amputated on the Suvla beach. Gangrene subsequently set in, and all efforts to save his life were unavailing. One night, not many hours before he died, whilst he was half delirious, he said to the surgeon: ‘It’s an awfu’ night in the trenches.’ ‘But you’re not in the trenches now, sonny; you’re comfy in bed,’ replied the surgeon. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘but our loving sympathy goes out to our brothers in the trenches.’ I shall not soon forget how, a few hours later, at the end of some confused talk in his delirium, he turned his wide open eyes full on me, and with a strong voice called out the words: ‘For Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory.’ Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”—Extract from a Chaplain’s letter.

“IT’S an awfu’ night in the trenches.”
But, sonny, you’re comfy in bed.”

And the surgeon bent over the sufferer,
And rested the poor tired head.

“It’s an awfu’ night in the trenches.”
But you’re not in the trenches now.”

And the nurse laid her hand on his forehead,
And smoothed out the pain-drawn brow.

’Twas an awful night in the trenches,
But his nights in the trenches were o’er;
He had done his full share in the dug-outs,
And he never would enter them more.

But his mind went back in its raving—
He was fighting his battles again ;
He was there with his friends in the trenches,
Lying out in the dark and the rain.

'Twas an awful night in the trenches,
Blinding with sleet and with shell ;
There was only just one name to call it,
And so they just called it Hell.
But the dying eyes widely opened,
As he finished the task he'd been given ;
'Twas an awful night in the trenches,
'Twas a wonderful morning in Heaven.

GALLIPOLI

“ The landing in Gallipoli, at a terrible cost, fairly ranks among the finest achievements of British arms. The bloodless operation of evacuation is beyond all question the most superb feat of generalship that this or any war has witnessed.”—*Church of Ireland Gazette*.

THE day will come when men will stand upon the
shores

Of Suvla Bay and Anzac where the fierce sea roars,
Amazed that mortals under such tremendous fire,
Landed at all, and, having landed, could retire.

Men will embark at Anafarta's sandy bay,
Under the peaceful skies of some soft summer day,
And picture to themselves that time not long ago
When all the hills were guns and every rock a foe.

Bits of barbed wire will peep at them from out the grass,
And waken up their slumbering memories as they pass ;
Old speechless cannon look them in the face,
And ask them are they fit to stand in such a place ?

Yes, other men will gaze upon that silent beach,
And thoughts will crowd about the hills too deep for
speech ;

Sorrow and Pride will come and take them by the hand,
To those heroic graves in that forbidding land.

No need for polished marble there nor sculptor's art,
To tell the world of Australasia's glorious part ;
In quiet village church and in cathedral old
Let the immortal deeds in glass and stone be told.

But at Gallipoli the place will tell the tale,
The yellow sands, the rocks, the beetling cliffs, the gale ;
Why carve New Zealand's name on lonely Sari-Bair,
Or tell old frowning Krithia who lie buried there ?

Nations may pass away and other nations come,
But Time's destructive hand will never mar their tomb ;
Those mighty monuments for ever will remain,
The everlasting witness to a deathless fame.

AUSTRALIA

“ The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps sailed out of Mudros Bay on the afternoon of April 24th escorted by the Second Squadron of the Fleet, under Rear-Admiral Thursday.

“ The boats approached the land in the silence and the darkness, and they were close to the shore before the enemy stirred. Then about one battalion of Turks was seen running along the beach to intercept the lines of boats. At this so critical a moment the conduct of all ranks was most praiseworthy. Not a word was spoken—every one remained perfectly orderly and quiet awaiting the enemy’s fire, which sure enough opened, causing many casualties. The moment the boats touched land the Australians’ turn had come.”—Extract from Sir Ian Hamilton’s Despatch.

IN front, the steep cliffs loom,
Shrouded in fearful gloom,
Dark with impending doom,
And silent as the tomb,

At Krithia.

But behind, a mother’s power,
Britannia’s threatening roar,
As her children near the shore,
And her youngest steps to war—

Australia.

In front, the beetling land,
The cruel, narrow sand,
Fretted with silver band,
Festooned with fiendish hand,

At Gaba Tepe.

But behind, across the firth,
 The dearest homes on earth—
 Sydney, Melbourne, Perth,
 The land that gave them birth—
 Australia.

In front, the victor's crown,
 The glorious welcome home,
 Britannia's great "Well done,
 Or a life laid nobly down,
 At Sari-Bair.
 And behind, the great campaign,
 A never-dying fame,
 And a new immortal name,
 For the land from whence they came—
 AUSTRALIA!

ERZEROUM

"God has accorded the valiant troops of the army in the Caucasus such great help that Erzeroum was taken after five days of unprecedented assault. I am inexpressibly happy to inform your Majesty of this victory."—Telegram from Grand-Duke Nicholas to the Tsar, February 16, 1916, A.D.

BOOM, boom, boom,
The guns of Erzeroum.

But why should they be booming o'er the snow ?

Boom, boom, boom,
The guns of Erzeroum.

But why should they be booming when there is no foe ?

Boom, boom, boom,
The guns of Erzeroum.

But why is there an echo from the plain ?

Boom, boom, boom,
The guns of Erzeroum.

But why should other guns be answering them again ?

Boom, boom, boom,
What means this gathering gloom ?

And what are those dark forms against the sky ?

Boom, boom, boom,
The guns of Erzeroum.

But why are all those Cossack horsemen drawing nigh ?

Boom, boom, boom.
How dark my little room;
And why has all the sleeping city woke?
Boom, boom, boom,
Is it the day of doom,
That men are crying out to Allah through the smoke?

Boom, boom, boom,
How large the portents loom,
How thick the dust from Russia's sweeping fire!
Boom, boom, boom,
Is it God's judgment broom,
Driving the chaff before it to the funeral pyre?

Boom, boom, boom,
The guns of Erzeroum
Will nevermore be heard across the snow.
Boom, boom, boom,
'Tis the guns above her tomb,
I hear the guns of Kismet;—let me go.

RESIGNATION

THE pine-tree spreads her leafy hands to God,
And as an answer to that silent prayer,
Come the green cones like children from the sun
Down the warm summer air.

And so the heart and life and leaves unfold,
And confidence is gained ere autumn rain
Makes yellow tints upon the fair green robe,
And the low moan of pain.

Erect she stands with trusting hands outspread,
While the frost grips them in his iron vice,
Tears all her children from her mother heart,
And meets her prayers with ice.

But she in silent wonder bows her head,
While through the woods the winter storm roars on ;
Content to wear the mantle of the night,
And stand in white alone.

Oh, silent mother! beautiful in woe,
More lovely than in days of summer sun,
Thou who canst say from out the winter snow.
“ Father, Thy will be done.”

Teach me to spread my needy hands to God,
To stand content in summer and in cold ;
That I may share thy beauty and thy faith
When I like thee am old.

CONSOLATION

TAKE the first kiss which meets thee in the morn,
And let it be a sacrament as deep as wine ;
And thank God there is still love left upon a world where
love grows cold,
To answer thine.

Take the first smile on some dear baby face,
And let it chase away thy faithlessness and tears ;
And thank God there is still one little child to trust thee
in a world
So full of fears.

Take the first beam of sunlight on thy path,
And never dare to say again that " no one cares " ;
But thank God that so many silent friends attend thy
daily needs,
Without thy prayers.

Yes, take the first and last and all between,
And never shut the wayside world outside thy heart ;
But find thy place among the common, half-forgotten
things of which
Thou art a part.

So shall God comfort thee and thou shalt live
 Content with all the simple joys which He has given ;
 And even death shall prove a friend, and gently guide
 thee through the gates
 Which lead to Heaven.

BEHIND THE VEIL

WHEN those whom we have loved on earth pass
on,

And we are left to face the world alone ;
We say, we try to say, " They've gone."
But others say, " They've *Come*."

When there is nothing left to do but weep,
And the hot tears well up from hearts that ache ;
We say, we try to say, " They sleep."
But others say, " They *Wake*."

When by the silent grave we bow our head,
And dust to dust is all that we can give ;
We say, we try to say, " They're dead."
But others say, " They *Live*."

RESTORATION

“Men are no doubt turning to God. They are up against realities.”—Bishop Gwynne, Chaplain to the Forces.

Ah, kindly Faith!

Not long are gone the days when Thou didst silent stand,
Like some unwelcome stranger from a hostile land,
While I played on.

Not long ago

Since my wild laughter filled Thy saddened eyes with
tears,
Since I was confident and Thou wast full of fears.
Not long ago.

Ah, pitying Faith!

How dost thou see me now, yet dost not turn away,
Nor chide me that not one of all my friends would stay,
But Thou alone.

Yes, Thou alone.

For Hope has vanished down the woods and Love is dead,
And even Sympathy has turned away and fled,
I know not where.

Oh, patient Faith !

How have I wronged Thee in the days that are gone by ?

How have I listened to and joined that reckless cry

Of " Faith and Fools " ?

Oh, wisest Faith !

Not to reject me in the zenith of my boast ;

Not to believe me when I must have hurt Thee most,

With cruel scorn.

Oh, trembling Faith !

Fear not to stand again where Thou hast stood before,

In those far distant happy days that are no more,

When time was young.

My face is hard ;—

But that will pass if Thou wilt venture to my side,

If Thou wilt take Thy vacant place and there abide

Just for one day ;—

Just one full day—

One great long summer day—to prove to me Thy power,

Until the shadows deepen in the evening hour ;

Just one full day,

My little day.

Oh, noble, generous Faith ! how canst Thou stoop so low ?

Thou art so swift and sure and I so dull and slow,

So dead and cold.

Oh, powerful Faith !
I feel Thee lift me up and bear my feet along,
How smooth the rocky road, how soon the day is done,
And Thou must go !

Thou dost not cross !
Thou must return to help some other lonely soul,
To guide fresh lives, to make another mourner whole ;—
Oh, happy Faith !

Unselfish to the end,
Farewell ! Thou needst not fear to leave me now alone ;—
Listen ! I hear Love's voice above the river's moan :—
Bend down to me ;—

Kiss me again.
Oh, mighty, wondrous, holy Faith ! before we part,
Before love takes me back again to her great heart,
For Love has come.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1915, A.D.

“ There was quiet along the whole front except . . .”—Reuter.

TWAS quiet on the Western front on Christmas night,

Except that in our trenches one stray shrapnel burst,
Maiming three men for life, and 'neath the cold star light,
Instead of singing hymns of praise, men cursed.

'Twas quiet on the Eastern front on Christmas night,

Except the Germans made a sudden fierce attack ;
And there were shouts from those advancing to the fight,
And Russian oaths from those who hurled them back.

'Twas quiet on the Southern front on Christmas night,

But for the cry of Serbian children in the snow,
And the deep groans of women in their helpless plight,
Knowing not what to do nor where to go.

'Twas quiet on the wintry sea on Christmas night,

But one lone tramp was submarined and met her doom ;
Quiet, except a muffled plunge, a shriek of fright,
And the white bubbles bursting o'er her tomb.

'Twas quiet in our island home on Christmas night,

But for the mother moan that told of grief within ;
And that, instead of angel carols from the spangled height,
Men heard the throbbing of a Zeppelin.

'Twas quiet round the Great White Throne on Christmas
night,

Except! . . . O Quiet! canst Thou bear this great
"Except"?

God with His sad world mourned, and in the angels' sight
The Man of Sorrows wept again—yes, wept.

THE DREADNOUGHT

SHE flung the spray from her terrible brow,
She brushed the mist from her eyes,
She tossed the smoke back into the deep,
And she shook her mane to the skies ;
With her face to the foes of England,
And her flag waving wild and free,
It was then, my men,
Oh, my gallant little men !
We were proud of our boys at sea.

She butted her way through the muttering storm,
She scattered the foam in her pride,
Like a warhorse scenting the battle afar,
She leaped the waves in her stride ;
With her broad decks swept by the ocean,
And her great heart trembling with glee,
It was then, my men,
Oh, my gallant little men !
We thought of our boys at sea.

She tore her foe with her glittering teeth,
She crushed her prey in her fangs,
She swept them to death with her thundering breath,
Though she quivered with pain in her pangs,

With her bosom blood-red from the battle,
And her masts like a splintered tree,
 It was then, my men,
 Oh, my gallant little men !
We prayed for our boys at sea.

We welcomed her back when the red sun set,
And she smiled through her pain and her tears,
She saw the lights flash from her island home,
And she heard the fierce roar of the cheers ;
The shout of a grateful nation,
That would ring down the ages to be,
 It was then, my men,
 Oh, my gallant little men !
We thanked God for our boys at sea.

THE UNKNOWN SEPULCHRE

" We have to stick it out and do our best until the release comes. I only wish I could do more, or rather that what I do was better work."—Lord Kitchener.

" We mourn for ourselves ; let us not mourn for him. He died as I think he would have wished to die—suddenly, in the height of fame, and in the work that he was doing for his country." —Mr. Balfour, June 5, 1916, A.D.

NOT where the lights are dim, the voices low,
Where softened footsteps pause along the floor ;
Not flickering to the gloom, or like an autumn night,
Led out in silence through the moonlit door.

Not laid to rest in some cathedral vault,
With wailing chant and hymn and muffled bell ;
While the deep pulsing organ, throbbing down the aisle,
Puts into words a nation's last farewell.

Not thus he passed whom England loved to fear,
Not thus her happy warrior went his way ;
But like the mighty sentinel on Nebo's peak,
Robed in the glory of a well-spent day.

Out where the waves that shelter Britain feast,
Leaping with joy against the rock-bound coast ;
Trusting themselves to that great, rugged, tender heart
That casts them from her when she loves them most.

One of themselves in Freedom's bridled power,
One in their deathless love for that wild shore ;
Circling in thunder round her when her foes oppress,
Pregnant with watchfulness when storms are o'er.

What worthier shrine could England have prepared ?
What holier anthem peal above his rest ?
Seek not to carve his name on one small crumbling stone,
The sepulchre God gave him is the best.

LIFE

HOW beautiful the sunrise,
The rosy hand of dawn ;
The trembling fingers stealing
Across the waiting morn.
How beautiful the sunrise,
The promise of the whole,
The first faint flush of penitence,
The daybreak of the soul.

How beautiful the noontide,
The grand broad blaze of day ;
The chariots and the horsemen,
All down the King's highway.
The morning mists have melted,
The sun is warm and bright,
And all the hills are echoing
The music of the light.

How beautiful the evening,
The golden gleam of hope,
The crimson on the cloud-bank,
The quiet down the slope,
But, ah ! that holier sunset,
The battle in the west ;
The passing of the warrior,
The home-call of the blest.

ADJOURNED

“ He made a mess of his life, but he laid down his life for you and for me.”—Extract from a letter.

SUMMON twelve men for a jury,
Call for a Judge on the Bench ;
No need to handcuff the prisoner,
He's quiet enough in the trench.
Medium height ; number two twenty ;
Black hair ; said Smith was his name ;
Was running a ranch near the Rockies ;
Thought he ought to, and that's why he came :

Came with a flower in his button,
Came with a smile on his face,
Came with a tug at his heart-strings,
From his tumbledown den of a place ;
Took his pipe and pouch of tobacco,
Turned the key in the door of his shack,
Left all because England had called him,
Though he knew he would never come back.

Didn't look quite the cut of a rancher ;
Could talk French to the natives with ease ;
Had a bit of the old-time manners,
With his “ Merci ” for “ thank you ” and “ please.”

Should have heard him at night tell a story,
 'Twas a pleasure to hear the man speak ;
Had a wee little, queer looking Bible,
 That the officer told me was Greek.

Fifty per cent. of a sinner,
 Fifty per cent. of a saint ;
Wouldn't say he had any religion,
 Never heard him make any complaint.
Knocked out without time for the padre,
 Gone without time for an oath.
Angel or devil ?—Neither,
 Guilty or not guilty ?—Both.

Sort him and size him and weigh him—
 Five foot nine inches high ;
The flower fallen out of his button,
 The light gone out of his eye.
Dead for the dear old country—
 Dying for you and for me—
Blown from the bedlam at Ginchy,
 To the calm of Eternity.

What's the verdict you've reached, Mr. Foreman ?
 What's the sentence to be from the Bench ?
He's a common enough proposition,
 This poor old bloke in the trench.
Shake your heads—defer a decision—
 Here, comrades, heave up the sod.
The case is adjourned *sine die* ;
 The next. Leave this one to God.

AWAKE !

" Sir,—In this solemn hour of national history we are constrained to make a united appeal to the Christian people of Britain to use their full influence to free our land from the curse of intemperance. By the sharp test of war, indulgence in strong drink stands revealed as the foe of moral discipline, and a grave and immediate danger to our country. It weakens our power to concentrate on the serious duties we are called to discharge. It stands between us and a whole-hearted return as a nation to the God of our fathers. Face to face with more solemn issues than have ever before confronted our race, we are convinced that the time has come for us, by combined and vigorous effort, to thrust this shame and menace from our midst.

" Randall Cantuar,
" François Cardinal Bourne,
" W. B. Selbie,
" H. Bramwell Booth."

November, 1915, A.D.

WAKEN, waken, waken, waken!
There's a foe within the gate.
We are not the dupes of fortune,
We are not the slaves of fate.

Wherefore should the nations wonder,
Wherefore should the heathen say,
God and Baal feast together,
Wrong is right and night is day?

Sanctify the congregation,
Call the sinner and the priest,
Let the bridegroom leave his chamber,
Let the drunkard leave his feast.

Weep between the porch and altar,
Blow the trumpet, call a fast,
As our fathers did before us
In the great days that are past.

Rend your heart and not your garment,
Let the Book of Ages speak,
For the worst of us is sinful,
And the best of us is weak.

Spare Thy people, O Lord, spare them,
O, remember not our shame,
In the richness of Thy mercy,
For the glory of Thy Name.

REPRISALS

" There are some here who would change the method and mete out to our prisoners the same treatment as we are given in Germany. But I believe that the vast majority of Britons will hold that we are right. The German will probably remain a German ; but it is best that we should continue to be ourselves. It is our precedent, and not that of the Hun, which is going to influence posterity ; and if we fell entirely to his level the future of humanity would be dark."—*The Times*, July 21, 1916, A.D.

NOT by tear shells that force the fighting line,
And win unfair advantage o'er the blinded foe ;
Not by false names and colours not our own,
Must we break through.

Not by the deadly jets of liquid fire,
The Kamaraden kiss, the suffocating fume ;
Not by the trampling down of treaty rights,
Must we make room.

Not by bombs hurled into the sleeping night,
Killing the dreaming children in their quiet home ;
Not over women murdered in our path,
Must we march on.

Not by the violation of all laws,
The license of the submarine beneath the wave ;
Not by those deeds that stain a country's name,
Must England save.

But by the longer road, the costlier toil,
The honest, fair-won victory on sea and land ;
The world may laugh ; but Heaven whispers, “ Thus
Must England stand.”

REMORSE

(AUTUMN, 1915, A.D.)

“ We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is a breach of international law. It is true that the French Government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium, so long as her opponent respects it. France could wait, but we could not. The wrong—I speak frankly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached.”—Statement made by the German Imperial Chancellor, von Bethman-Hollweg in the Reichstag, August 4, 1914, A.D.

THE wrong that we are committing, the wrong
that need never have been,
The wrong that Germany's statesmen can't pretend that
we didn't mean ;
For we knew it meant ruin to Belgium, and we openly
said that we knew,
And we knew that the ruin of Belgium was not half of
the wrong we would do.

The wrong that we are committing, we said we'd
endeavour to right,
As soon as our aim was accomplished, as soon as our goal
was in sight ;

But the wrong that we are committing was a wrong which
we well understood,
Might be the first step to committing a wrong we could
never make good.

The wrong that we are committing, the burning and sack
of Louvain,
The murder of women and children, the hospitals crowded
with pain ;
The wrong that we are committing, it haunts me by
night and by day,
The churches shattered to pieces, the villages wrecked on
our way.

The wrong that we are committing, the wrong we said
never would be,
The dastardly deeds of our soldiers, the crimes of our
sailors at sea ;
The wrong that we are committing, it is darkening our
future with fears,
It is calling to Heaven for vengeance, it is filling our
country with tears.

The wrong that we are committing, it has grown to a
terrible flood,
The wrong that we are committing, it is deluging Europe
with blood ;
The wrong that we are committing, the wreckage of
treasure and art,
The wrong that we are committing, the wrong which is
breaking my heart.

It startles me up in the morning, it stays with me early
 • and late,
 The horrible spectre of ruin, the gathering circle of hate ;
 It is calling our nation to judgment, it is ringing out
 Germany's knell,
 It is turning our beauty to ashes, it is dragging our country
 to hell.

I'm alone in my maddening horror, I dare not confess my
 despair,
 No one knows of my terrible vigils, no one heeds to my
 agonized prayer ;
 The wrong that we are committing, the doom that we
 should have foreseen,
 Oh ! the wrong that we are committing—the wrong that
 need never have been.

THE STATUS QUO.

“ Germany proposes the restoration of the status quo before the war.”—Reuter, December 14, 1916, A.D.

THE restoration of the status quo ;—

One wave of the enchanter's wand, and then
comes peace ;
And lions will lie down with lambs, and war shall cease ;
Your armies may return, your prisoners find release ;
Just sign a scrap of paper and it must be so ;
So simple to unlock the fairy-land of status quo.

The restoration of the status quo ;—

We ask you first to wipe Louvain from off the slate,
Uproot those seeds which bore this bitter crop of hate ;
That rape of Belgium ; ah ! that unrepented date,
That date—hast thou forgot?—not yet three years ago,
When thy fierce vultures broke with ravening shriek the
status quo.

The restoration of the status quo ;—

Then lift the “ Lusitania ” from her watery bed,
Give back to us our children and our martyred dead,
Turn into smiles the floods of tears that have been shed ;
Undo those cruel knots you've tied of tangled woe,
And then come back again and talk to us of status quo.

The restoration of the status quo ;—

What of those deportations and those wrongs at Lille ?

Those midnight partings, and those ranks of moonlit
steel ;—

Think you because France could not speak she did not
feel ?

And all that Serbian horror in the winter snow ;—

Can you restore to that vast suffering host the status quo ?

The restoration of the status quo ;—

Nay, there is damage done that nothing can restore :

Blind men and cripples, broken wrecks along the shore ;

Widows and lovers blasted by your battle roar ;

Come out like men ;—meet us and ask us what you owe,

But do not mock us with that subterfuge of status quo.

The restoration of the status quo ;—

There !—We will let the ruin of the world go by ;

Our smoking homes, our altars open to the sky ;

We will forget the treachery, the vaunt, the lie ;

Give us but back our dead ;—the friends we used to know ;

But not till then dare speak to us again of status quo.

ASPIRATION

SEek thou to live,
That when thy soldier boy
Waits at the margin of the silver stream,
There may be more within his mother's waking eyes
Than the sad memory of a vanished dream.

Seek thou to love,
That when thy husband's arms
Stretch out to meet thee with the old-time pride,
There may be something more than weeping widowhood
To greet his welcome on the other side.

Seek thou to trust,
That when thy brother's hand
Clasps thine again within its strong embrace,
There may be more than consternation and surprise
Upon his long lost sister's upturned face.

Seek thou to serve,
That when the Master's call
Bids thee to come to Him across the flood,
There may be more than resignation in the voice,
That answers, as in days of old, "Speak, Lord."

TROPHIES

LOSE not in peace what thou hast gained in war—
The faith which met thee at the cannon's mouth,
The prayer that held thee in the battle roar,
Lose not in peace.

Lose not in play what thou hast gained in school—
The discipline that swept the firing line,
The magic of the Master's golden rule,
Lose not in play.

Lose not in weal what thou hast gained in woe—
The horror of the moonlit battle-field,
The pity stooping both to friend and foe,
Lose not in weal.

Lose not in creed what thou hast gained in life—
The quiet of that old French village church,
The unseen unity beneath the strife,
Lose not in creed.

Lose not at home what thou hast gained abroad—
The friendship of the oft-forgotten Friend,
The penitence that brought thee near to God,
Lose not at home.

These are the conqueror's spoils, the victor's crown,
These the eternal harvest of the soul ;
All other trophies are the waifs of time,
 These are thine own.

COMMEMORATION

“No political advantage, however great, can reconcile us to this expenditure of blood and tears ; only for the sake of some large spiritual gain can we feel that the travail and sacrifice have not been in vain.”—“Papers for War Time,” No. 26.

WHEN the last call has been sounded and the last
gun is at rest,
And we've paid the price of conquest in our bravest and
our best ;
When we stand at last victorious and the Titan strife is
o'er,
And we wrench the cruel hammer from the giant hand
of Thor ;

When the troops are marching homewards and the
armies in the sky
See fierce bonfires on the mountains and wild light in
every eye ;
When with thunders of rejoicing the great welcome has
been said,
And we lavish on the living the love we owe the dead.

What shall be the world's memento that mankind may
not forget
The sacrifice that ushered in the day which must not set ?
What shall be a fit memorial of that holocaust of pain ?
The guarantee that Europe has not paid the price in vain.

Let this be the stipulation, you may sign it where 'tis best,
That the treaty-breaking nation is at war with all the
rest ;

Not at war until it's beaten but at war until it's lost
In the mercy of the victors or the silence of the dust.

So shall peace be their cathedral, humanity their shrine,
The brotherhood of nations their epitaph divine ;
Earth's gratitude their monument, Heaven's welcome
their reward,
Their recompense the triumph of the armies of the Lord.

CONSUMMATION

“ All nations shall call Him blessed.”

WHEN on the East, with silent feet,
The holy dawn is gaining,
When hoary grove and teeming mart
Confess that Christ is reigning ;
Then shall the angels shout for joy,
The earth break forth with singing,
The forest trees shall clap their hands,
The final anthem ringing.

When India's mystic sons shall yield
The wealth of their devotion,
When no more rivers stained with blood
Run down to God's fair ocean ;
Then shall a mightier passion break
The cruel bonds that bind them,
The dreamers burst into the light,
With all Christ's power behind them.

When Ethiopia's dusky hands
Stretch out to Christ's salvation,
When from the river to the sea
Extends one holy nation ;
Then shall the list'ning desert hear
The thunder of the waters,
The magic chorus of her sons,
The rapture of her daughters.

When from the cradle of the race
The kings shall bring their treasures,
When through the sacred mosques resound
The half-remembered measures ;
Then shall the graves give up their dead,
No prison bars shall hold them,
One Allah take them to His heart,
One deathless love enfold them.

When over Europe's serried ranks,
And down the Western Nation,
Sounds out the trump of Jubilee,
The Saviour's coronation ;
Then shall the war drum cease to beat,
Earth's brotherhood completed,
And 'neath the Lamb of Calvary,
The dragon crouch defeated.

When all creation worships Christ,
And every tongue confessing,
Ascribes to God and to the Lamb
All honour and all blessing ;
Then shall the heavenly harpers learn
The music of earth's races,
Then shall the tears of all the years,
Be wiped from off all faces.

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